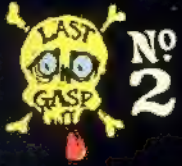


SLOW DEATH

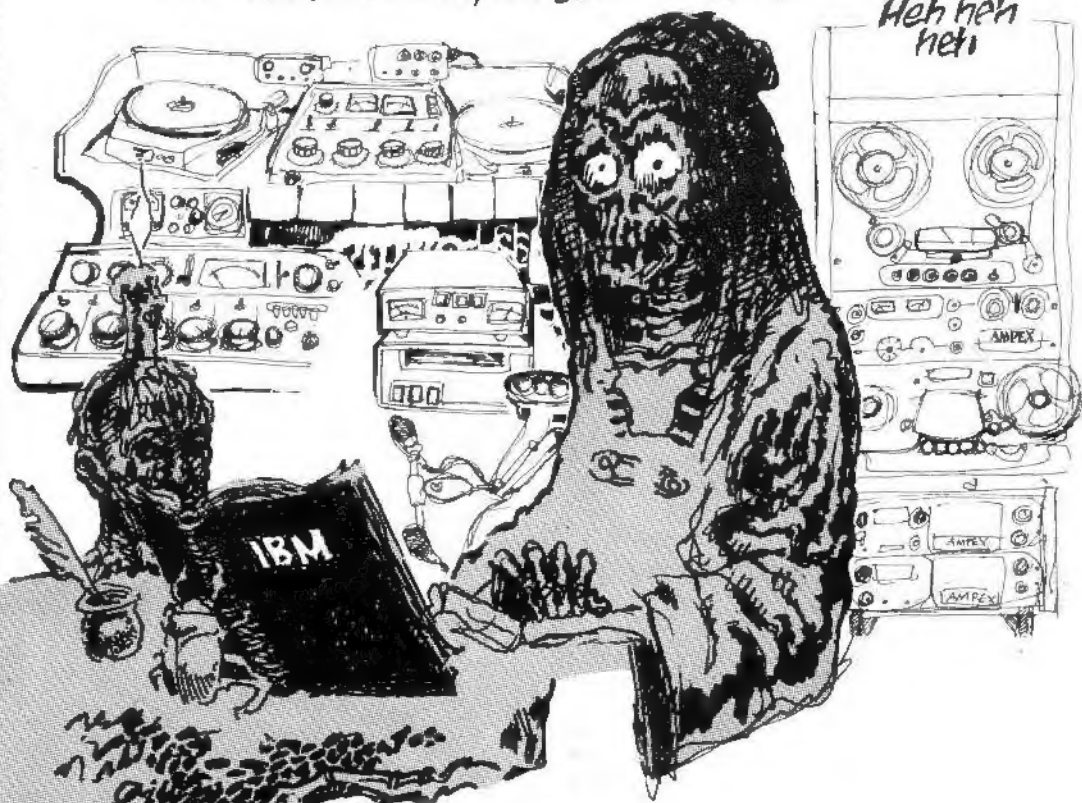


\$1.00

ADULTS ONLY

HEY GROWN-UPS! Ever wonder why those old-timey horror stories don't chill you and thrill you like they used to? You know, the ones about vampires, ghouls, werewolves, and all that crap? I'll tell you why - because now all those creeps have been replaced with a REALITY scarier than any boogeyman. That's right - sealed in cellophane, packed in plastic & entombed in asphalt - they're gone, folks. In the deep six, along with the nerve gas. Yep, and now well-lighted, antiseptic shopping centers sprawl wall-to-wall on the site of all the old cobweb-infested, dank, dingy dungeons. WHAT? You say you aren't afraid of synthetics? That you actually feel safe in shopping centers?

Heh heh
heh



SLOW DEATH 2 ©1970 by Jaxon-Sheridan-
Osborne & Gore + published by Last Gasp
Eco-funnies Co. Post Office Box 212 - Berkeley

R. TURNER Editor

94704

SLOW-DEATH

NOTE:

...YOU ARE ABOUT TO
EXPERIENCE A NEW
MEDIA FORM! AFTER
HOURS OF INTENSIVE RE-
SEARCH, THE OVERLAND
VEGETABLE STAGECOACH
IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE...

Hi-Sci-Fi!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE
INSTRUCTIONS:

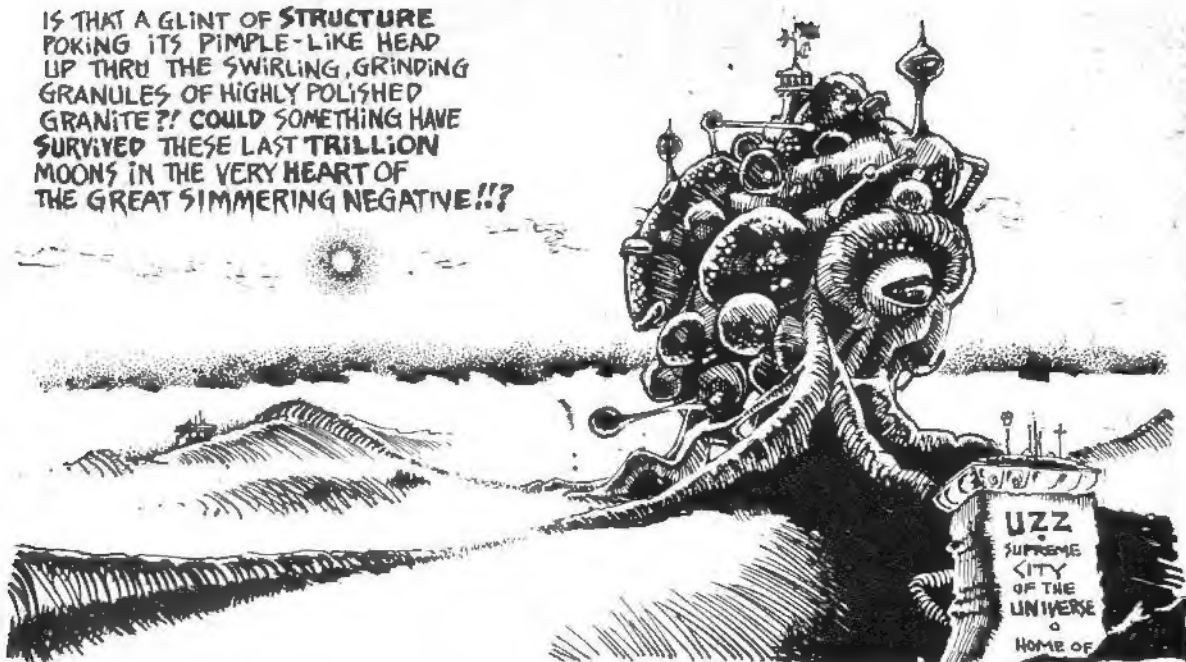
1. BORROW A COPY OF THE
2001 ALBUM.
2. GET HIGH.
3. TURN THE VOLUME UP
FULL BLAST.
4. READ THE FOLLOWING
STORY!

THE SEX EVULSORS OF TECNICUS



You
ARE OB-
SERVING
THE PLANET
SSUX, A BLEAK,
BALD ORB FLOATING
SOMEWHERE IN ANOTHER
UNIVERSE.!! ONCE IT WAS THE
GREEN BEARER OF SENSUAL BEINGS, CAPABLE OF CON-
SCIOUS ONENESS. NOW IT IS A DEAD PLACE, RUINED
BY THESE SAME SPECIES IN AN INSANE PURSUIT
OF MEANINGLESS CONCEPTS. WHY, YOU
ASK? NEED YOU ASK?? BUT WAIT!
DID SOMETHING JUST MOVE
DOWN THERE??!

IS THAT A GLINT OF STRUCTURE
POKING ITS PIMPLE-LIKE HEAD
UP THRU THE SWIRLING, GRINDING
GRANULES OF HIGHLY POLISHED
GRANITE?? COULD SOMETHING HAVE
SURVIVED THESE LAST TRILLION
MOONS IN THE VERY HEART OF
THE GREAT SIMMERING NEGATIVE!!!?



THE TECNICUS!

-SELF-DUBBED* SUPREME ORDER
OF SSUX*, THEY ARE A DEVIANT
MUTANT RACE OF MASTER
TECHNOLOGISTS, ANCESTORS
OF A FANATICAL SECT OF
HUMANOID TYPES KNOWN AS
THE ATOCATH...



THIS IS THE
LAST VIRGIN
IN STOCK,
MASTER!

WHAT!



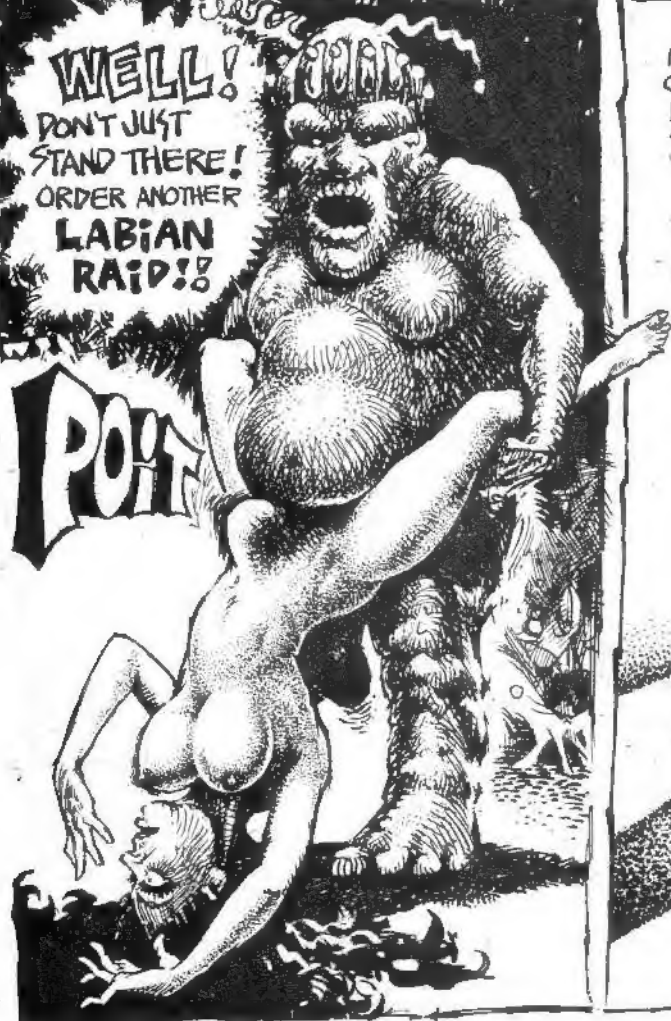
AFTER
SURVIVING THE
ENDLESS RADIAC TIC
PERIOD IN PRE-DESIGNED
SELFSTAIN-CYBERSPENSION
WOMBS PLANTED DEEP UN-
DERGROUND, THEY EMERGED
AND PROCLAIMED A "NEW AGE"
OF TECHNOLOGICAL PERFECTION.
THE FIRST ACHIEVEMENT OF
THIS REFURBISHED ORDER WAS
THE CONQUEST OF THE NEAREST
INHABITED PLANET, LABIA-SELF
CHRISTENED BY THE SPARSE
HORDES OF WILD HUMAN FEMALES
WHOM MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED
DURING THE LONG SILENCE.

AND MANAGED TO
DEVELOP A MINOR
TECHNOLOGY
OF THEIR OWN...

WELL!

**DON'T JUST
STAND THERE!
ORDER ANOTHER
LABIAN
RAID!!**

POIT

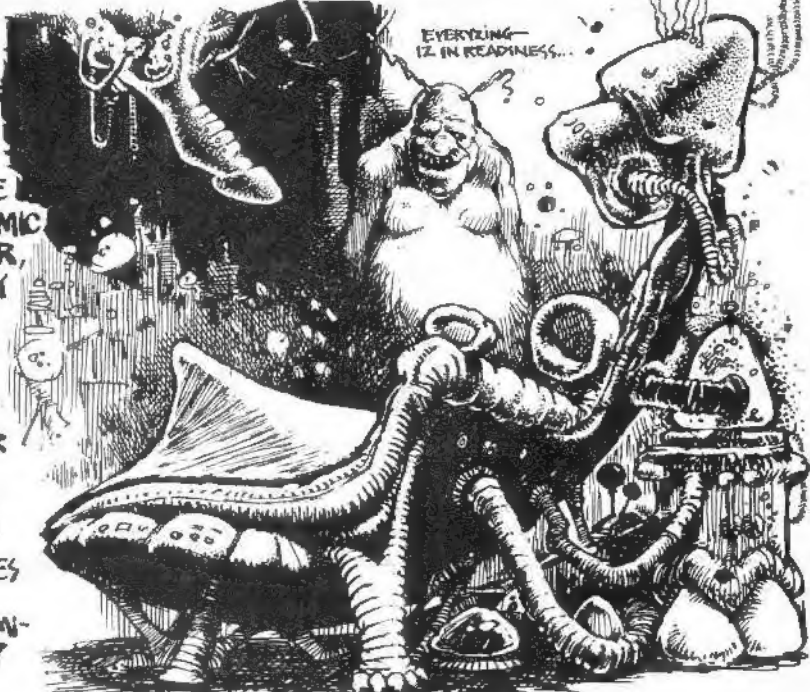


**ANOTHER LABIAN RAID! A SIMPLE
MISSION BY TECNIAAN STANDARDS: A QUICK
CRUISE TO THE LABIAN SURFACE, SCAN THE
NUBILE CROP AREAS AND PICK A FRESH
SELECTION FOR THE VARIOUS NEEDS OF SSUX,
RETURN AND PREPAIR THE NEW ABUNDANCE
FOR EVULSMIC PROC ESSING!**

**WHAT'S THE MEGA-
ORG READING ON
THE SPASMUSMIC
GENERATOR INPUTS?**

**SCALE!
OHTENANDAHLE.
YOU'D BETTER GRAB
ABOUT 200 THIS
RUN, FLEET LEVER!**

**IS THERE A SECOND PURPOSE
TO THIS SEEMINGLY ROUTINE
CARNALITY?!
AS THE CRETINOUS ARMADA
SWIFTLY SLIPS FROM SIGHT,
THE SCIENTISTS OF SSUX MAKE
READY THE MEGA-ORGASMIC
SPASMULSION EVULSOR,
THE MACHINE THAT FORCIBLY
EXTRACTS SUPER
ORGASMS FROM ITS FLESHY
VICTIMS AND CONTAINS THE
INCREDIBLE ENERGY PRO-
DUCED IN STORAGE CELLS FOR
FUTURE USE! THE LOVELY
LADIES ARE TREATED TO
ONE FINAL, GARGANTUAN
ERUPTION! WHICH LEAVES
THEM AS A MINDLESSLY
UNDULATING LUMP OF SEMI-
COAGULATED JELL-O!!**



**EVERYTHING-
IZ IN READINESS...**



**SLOB
RAID!**

GET THOSE
CLINTS BACK TO
THE COMPOUND!

I SURE DIG THESE RAIDS!
... JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS,
REMEMBER THOSE WEIRDO
CULTS WE CLEANED
OUTA NEW SSUX FIVE!
NOW THERE WAS A RAID!

**YEAH! WE
GOT TA USE THE
CELL NEGATORS
THAT TIME!**

WHAP

THEY APPROACH THE HOLY
ORIFICE, CLEFT GODDESS!
BUT FEAR NOT! I WILL
PERISH BEFORE THE
FIENDS RAVAGE THOSE
LARGE, SUCCULENT
SAPPHISMIC BREASTS!

AANGH!

**COOL IT,
CLITELLUS!**
WE CAN HIDE UNDER
THE INSEMINATION
ALTER IN THE
CHAMBER OF THE
FAT DILDO!
THE IPTHYPHALLIC
TOADS NEVER LOOK
DOWN THERE...

VOOP

VOOP

LATER,

FZZACK!

**HAVING ENGORG-
ED THE COFFERS WITH
TENDER NEW FLESH, THE
EVULSOR CREWS BEGAN
TESTING...**

**GET YOUR
FILTHY HANDS OUT
OF ME, YOU
PIG FUCKER!!**

**AWW I WANT THIS ONE
SENT TO MY... YES?
WHAT IS IT, FOOL?
SPEAK UP!!!**

MY GENERAL!!!
AT PRESENT A
MINOR CRISIS AT
SSUX ONE! THE
MACHINES ARE
NOT RESPONDING
AS THEY SHOULD!
THERE IS EVIDENCE
THAT THE EVULSOR
BANKS ARE
TIRED OF THE
LABIAN SAME-
NESS. THEY
WANT SOME-
THING NEW,
IT SEEMS!?

DING! HOOT!
CLICK! HOOT!

THE TOP SCIENTIFIC MINDS
ARE CALLED IN FOR A
DIAGNOSIS...

THE MACHINES,
THEY DO NOT
VERK!!!
EVERYTHING IS
IN ORDER BUT
STILL ZEY DO
NOT OPERATE!

IT APPEARS THEY
WISH TO HAVE
A WIDER VARIETY...

IT'S NO GOOD! IT
WON'T RESPOND
TO THE LABIAN!!
WE MUST FIND A
NEW SUPPLY!
PREPARE THE
NEW DEVICE!!!

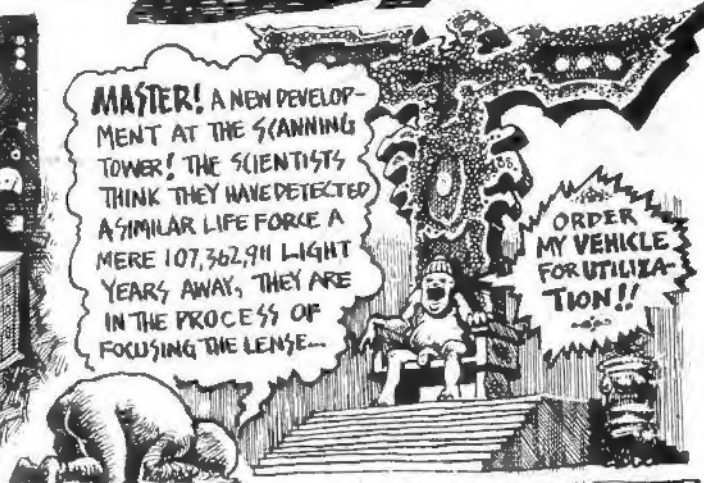


...YOU REALIZE OF
COURSE THAT IF YOU
DO NOT FIND A NEW
SOURCE, PVT. BKLU-K,
YOU WILL BE VAPORIZED
AND YOUR WORTHLESS
MOLECULES WILL BE SHOT
INTO THE SUN.

YESSIR!
WHINE

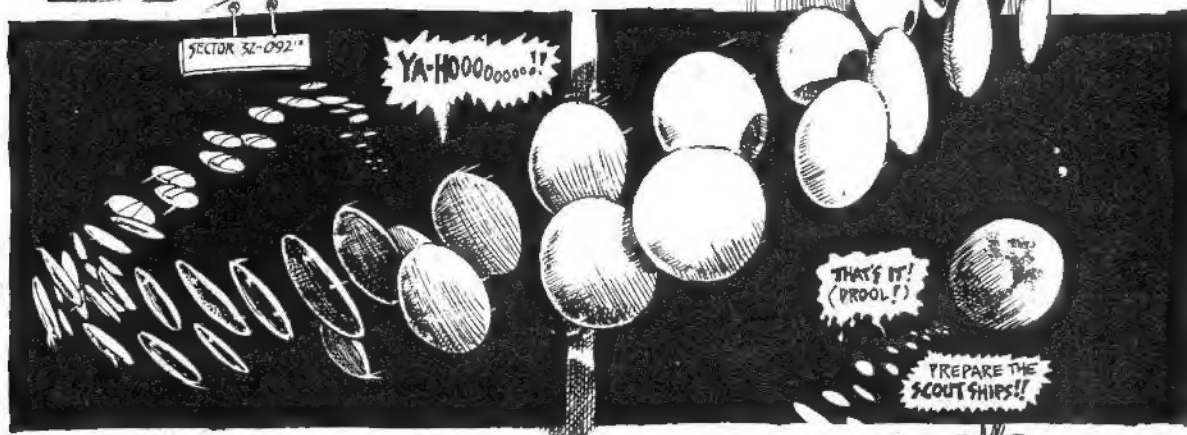
MASTER! A NEW DEVELOP-
MENT AT THE SCANNING
TOWER! THE SCIENTISTS
THINK THEY HAVE DETECTED
A SIMILAR LIFE FORM A
MERE 107,362,911 LIGHT
YEARS AWAY, THEY ARE
IN THE PROCESS OF
FOCUSING THE LENSE...

ORDER
MY VEHICLE
FOR UTILIZA-
TION!!



ANK! (GASP)
ERK!... THE SHIPS!
SEND THE SHIPS!
HAAUNNNGG!
I WANT THAT
ONE-NNOCK!





WEARING SHOCK SUITS DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS TYPE OF
OPERATION, THE AVARICIOUS INVADERS WASTE NO TIME IN THEIR
PLUNDEROUS PURSUIT.



WE HAVE GUESTS!

WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE ABODE! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO MAKE IT THRU THE VOID. WE HAVE MANY THINGS TO DISCUSS. BUT FIRST, MY BROTHER...

WE HAVE GUESTS!

WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE ABODE! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO MAKE IT THRU THE VOID. WE HAVE MANY THINGS TO DISCUSS. BUT FIRST, MY BROTHER...

DISCUSS! HAW!
JUST GIT THOSE "SLAVERING
SOCKETS OF DELIGHT" LINED UP
FOR INSPECTION!!

"CRACKLE"
JACKPOT!
TEND DOWN
THE TRANSPOR



DISCUSS! HAW!
JUST GIT THOSE "SLAVERING
SOCKETS OF DELIGHT" LINED UP
FOR INSPECTION!!

"CRACKLE"
JACKPOT!
TEND DOWN
THE TRANSPOR



..... YOUR INTENTIONS CLARIFY YOUR MOTIVES, SPACE TRAVELLERS, BUT APPARENTLY YOU FAIL TO REALIZE HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO DEAL WITH YOUR DEFINITION OF FORCE.. YOU SEE, OUR HISTORY IS THAT OF INNER DEVELOPMENT... UM, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT A SMALL DEMONSTRATION... AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOUR ENTIRE FLEET IS BEING... SHALL WE SAY... DISARMED! AND IN VIEW OF YOUR PERSISTENCE...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOO

..... YOUR INTENTIONS CLARIFY YOUR MOTIVES, SPACE TRAVELLERS, BUT APPARENTLY YOU FAIL TO REALIZE HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO DEAL WITH YOUR DEFINITION OF **FORCE**.. YOU SEE, OUR HISTORY IS THAT OF INNER DEVELOPMENT... UM, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT A SMALL **DEMONSTRATION**... AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOUR ENTIRE FLEET IS BEING... SHALL WE SAY... **DISARMED!** AND IN VIEW OF YOUR PERSISTENCE...

AAAAAGHHH

WHOOOOO

..... YOUR INTENTIONS CLARIFY YOUR MOTIVES, SPACE TRAVELLERS, BUT APPARENTLY YOU FAIL TO REALIZE HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO DEAL WITH YOUR DEFINITION OF FORCE.. YOU SEE, OUR HISTORY IS THAT OF INNER DEVELOPMENT... UM, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT A SMALL DEMONSTRATION... AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOUR ENTIRE FLEET IS BEING... SHALL WE SAY... DISARMED! AND IN VIEW OF YOUR PERSISTENCE...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOO

A black and white comic book illustration. In the center, a muscular man with a large afro and a star on his forehead looks forward. He is surrounded by a crowd of people, some with long hair and beards. In the top left, a speech bubble contains the text "SOARE YOU!". In the bottom left, a jagged speech bubble contains the text "SHOOT THE".

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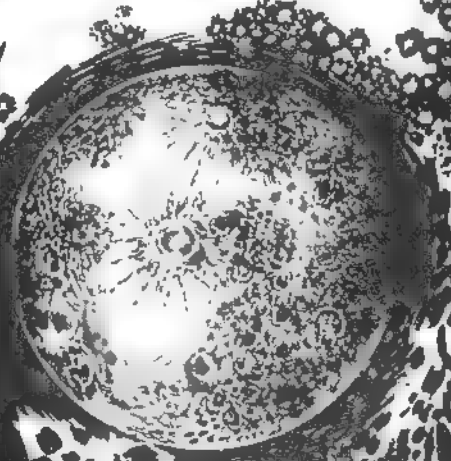
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THE SECRET



Jaxon 70

I AM A DEAD PLANET, SUSPENDED IN THE SILENT VOID OF A DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM. EVER SO SLIGHTLY THE COLD COSMIC CURRENTS STIR MY SLUMBERING DUST. USELESS, FOR I WILL NOT AWAKEN. I DREAM OF ANOTHER TIME, EONS AGO, WHEN MY CHILDREN WERE HERE.

THEY NESTLED IN THE SOFT FOLDS OF MY FLESH. THEY FLUTTERED THRU MY CLEAR MAGENTA SKIES AND SWAM IN MY COOL CHARTREUSE WATERS. I WAS FERTILE AND NURTURED THEM WITH SWEET NECTAR FLOWING READILY FROM MY VEINS. THEY CALLED ME 'MOTHER'.

YES, THOSE WERE HAPPY TIMES FOR ME. NOW, NOTHING REMAINS OF THIS JOY. IT, LIKE ALL ELSE, LIES CRUMBLING INTO DUST. MY FACE IS WRINKLED AND BARREN; MY POOLS ARE CRACKED AND DRY. FOR YOU SEE, I DIED WHEN MY CHILDREN ENTERED AND SEALED THEIR TOMBS. THE DEATH OR THE ENDLESS SLEEP, A SLEEP THAT NUMBS THE PAIN OF KNOWING...

SO NOW I AM ALONE, ONLY VAGUELY AWARE OF THE TINY CREEPING, CRAWLING, DISGUSTING CREATURES THAT BNAW AT THE BARE RIBS OF MY RUIN. ALONE WITH MY TERRIBLE SECRET!

AND THEN CAME THE SEEKERS — THOSE WHOSE GOAL WAS TO WREST 'KNOWLEDGE' FROM THE UNCHARTED REACHES OF SPACE; TO PROBE THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK TO FEND OFF THEIR OWN SLEEP BY PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE ONES AT REST, SUCH AS I. FOOLISH, VAIN INTRUDERS — LEAVE ME BE!



LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER DEAD ONE, SIR.

MOST OF THEM LOOK DEAD FROM UP HERE, LIEUTENANT. YOU'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE AN' TICKLE THE OLD RIBS TO REALLY FIND OUT!



WE KNOW THOSE SIGNALS WERE COMING FROM SOMEWHERE IN THIS QUADRANT. THIS COULD BE THE ONE!

WELL, I HOPE WE HAVE BETTER LUCK THAN ON THE LAST TWELVE STOPS! BUT THEN I GUESS IT'S NOT EVERYDAY WE SCORE A CHOICE ASSIGNMENT LIKE THIS ONE, EH CAPTAIN?

IT'S MY SECRET. HOW COULD IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, YOU FROM BEYOND THE CURVE OF INFINITY?

SCANNER STILL READS NEGATIVE, SIR!

NO MATTER... WE COULD BE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE SOURCE OF EMISSIONS AND STILL GET A NEGATIVE READING. ONLY OBSERVATION HEADQUARTERS HAS EQUIPMENT SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO REGISTER OMEGA-SCALE SIGNALS...

HOW COULD YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON FOR MY CHILDREN'S SLEEP, AND MINE?

AND TO DESIGNATE THE SIGNALS AS HUMAN IN ORIGIN, EN CAPTAIN? HUMAN TYPE SIGNALS, BROADCAST FROM A POINT IN SPACE WHERE MAN HAS NEVER PENETRATED!

EASY, LIEUTENANT. AFTER ALL, THE SIGNALS WERE FAINT, EXTREMELY FAINT! DISTORTION COULD BE A FACTOR.

HOW, STRANGERS, CAN YOU PROFIT FROM OUR DOOM? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU WILL NOT SEAL YOUR OWN DOOM?

I KNOW SIR, IT'S A LONG SHOT AT BEST, BUT WELL. IF WE DISCOVER EVIDENCE OF HUMAN HABITATION ON ONE OF THESE PLANETS, THINK OF THE IMPLICATIONS FOR SCIENCE, FOR HUMANITY! ALL THE QUESTIONS THAT HAVE PLAGUED MAN FOR AGES WILL BE CLOSER TO...

SOME OTHER TIME, EN LIEUTENANT? I DIDN'T COME 2000 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME TO LISTEN TO A LECTURE ON METAPHYSICS! WE'RE HERE FOR FACTS. HUMANITY, COLD, HARD FACTS! HOW HUMANITY... WHOSES TO EVALUATE THOSE FACTS IS NOT PART OF OUR ASSIGNMENT.

ANH... BUT THAT IS THE LEAST OF YOUR CONCERN, ISN'T IT? YOU THINK ONLY OF YOUR SHIP'S RELUCTANT SHUDDER AS IT SLIPS TOWARD MY WITHERED SURFACE.

CAPTAIN TO CREW. PREPARE FOR DESCENT. LOGAN, GIVE ME A READING ON STRUCTURAL REVERBERATION AT .0025!

YES, YOUR FEARS ARE OF THE SIMPLE KIND, THE KIND THAT ARE DISPELLED BY A SCAN OF THE INSTRUMENT PANEL BEFORE YOU — NOT FEARS FOR THE FATE OF MANKIND!

VERY WELL, WATCH THE LIGHTS FLASH THEIR ASSENT, STEP FROM YOUR MIGHTY SHIP AND LIFT THE SHROUD FROM MY SECRET. EXCEPT THEN IT WILL BE OUR SECRET, WON'T IT?

EVERYTHING OKAY HERE CAPTAIN.

GOOD. WE'LL SET DOWN BY THOSE CONE STRUCTURES. SOME INTERESTING RUBBLE NEAR THERE.

HMM. THESE CONES LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU, LIEUTENANT?

LOOK LIKE
ELEMENTARY SAND-
STONE FORMATIONS
TO ME, CAPTAIN.

MAYBE SO, BUT—
YES! THEY'RE HOLLOW!
CHECK FOR AN EN-
TRANCE.

OVER HERE
SIR!!



DWELLINGS, SIR?

YES! LOOK—
EVEN A
PICTURE ON
THE WALL!



HMM... PRETTY AB-
STRACT, IF YOU ASK ME.



PERHAPS, BUT
WHAT WOULD YOU CALL
THIS?

GASP,
A MIRROR!!



NOT MUCH ELSE IN THE WAY
OF IDENTIFIABLE OBJECTS, CAPT.
A LOT OF FRAGMENTS, BUT NO-
THING TO REALLY INDICATE
A HUMAN PRESENCE.

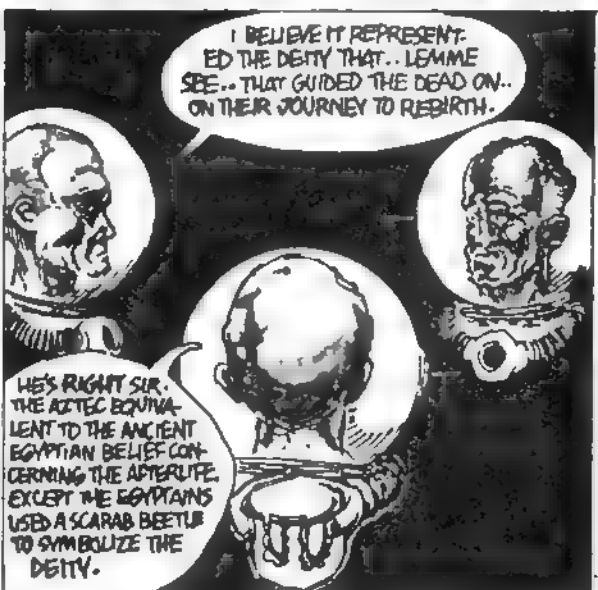
ABOUT ALL WE
CAN GATHER IS THAT
WHATEVER LIVED HERE
STRUNG BEADS AND
LOOKED AT THEMSELVES
IN THE MIRROR!



GNATS? LOOK, WE'RE
ON THE TRACK OF A SOPHISTI-
CATED LIFE FORM — ARTISANS,
BUILDERS — CAPABLE OF SENDING
SIGNALS ACROSS SPACE, NOT
GNATS, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

SIR, WHAT
ABOUT ALL THESE
GNATS?







HMPH! ALL THAT
LEADS ME ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE,
GENTLEMEN. BUT THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY
A HUMAN DEPICTION, AND IT MUST
HAVE BEEN FASHIONED BY A
HAND— HUMAN OR OTHERWISE.



SO LET'S GET TO
WORK DECIPHER-
ING THIS WRITING— IF
THAT'S WHAT IT ACTUALLY
IS— WHAT BLASTED
GNATS!

I KNOW,
SIR. THE PLACE
IS CRAWLING
WITH THEM.

AT LEAST SOME-
THING IS ALIVE IN THIS
GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE,
EVEN IF IT IS A
NUTSANCE.

CLAP



TWO WEEKS! TWO
WEEKS AND NOT A SIGN OF
A LIVING SOUL— PAST OR
PRESENT. IN FACT, WE'RE
FURTHER FROM A SOLU-
TION, WHAT WITH THIS
SECOND SLAB!

WELL, THE MARKINGS
ARE DIFFERENT, BUT THE
SKELETAL FIGURE IS REPEA-
ED. ACTUALLY, THERE'S NOT
AS MUCH CALLIGRAPHIC VAR-
IATION AS BETWEEN, SAY,
CHINESE AND ENGLISH.



WONDERFUL! THAT'S JUST
GREAT! NOW ALL WE NEED
IS TO FIND A THIRD TABLET IN
SWAHILI! IF YOU ASK ME, THE
ONLY CONSTANT FACTOR SO
FAR IS THESE DAMN
GNATS!

CHEER UP, SIR.
MAYBE WE'LL FIND
THE ANSWER IN THE
NETWORK OF UNDER-
GROUND CHAMBERS THAT
LINK UP WITH THESE
CONES.



WHAT?!
WHAT KIND
OF BALLS?

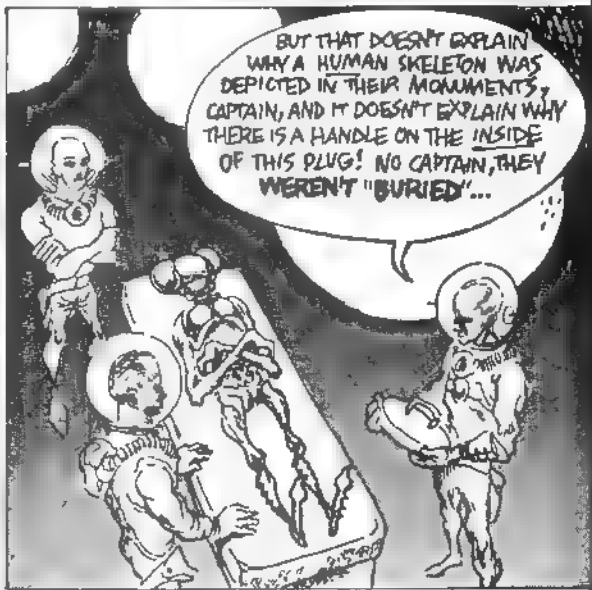
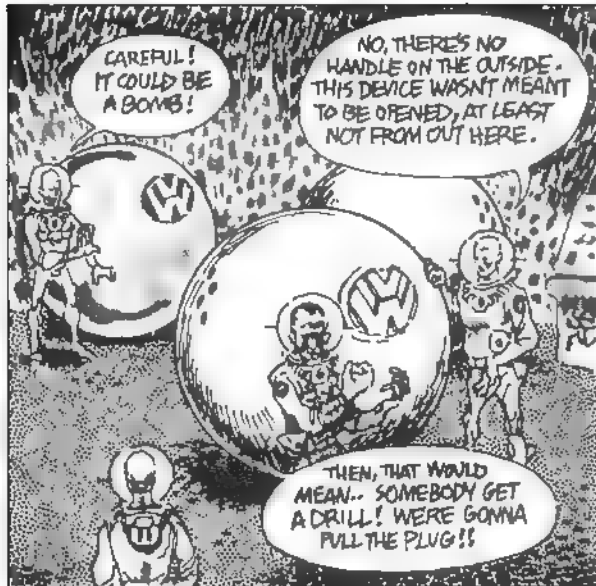
CAPTAIN, COME QUICKLY.
WE JUST LOCATED A ROOM
FULL OF BALLS!

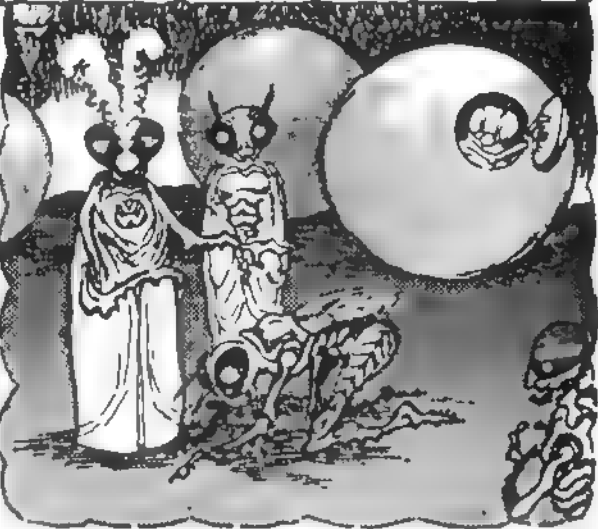
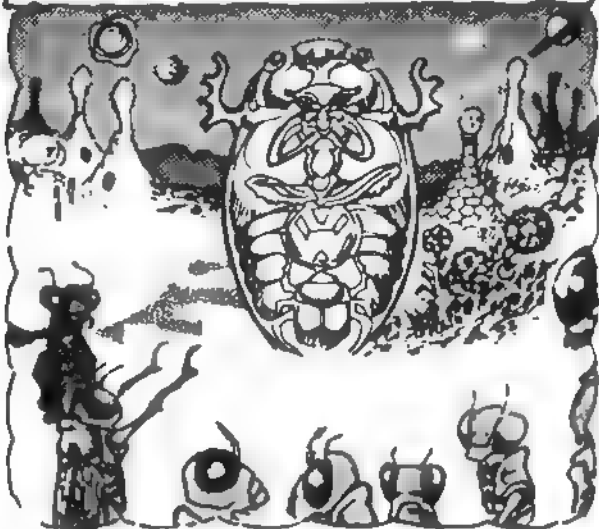
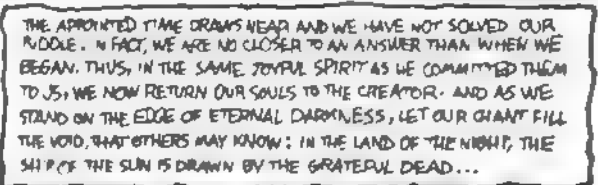
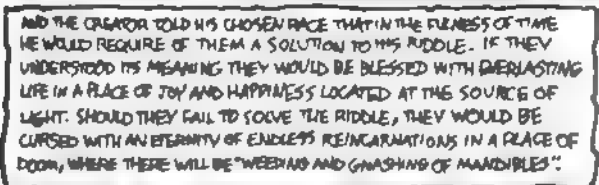
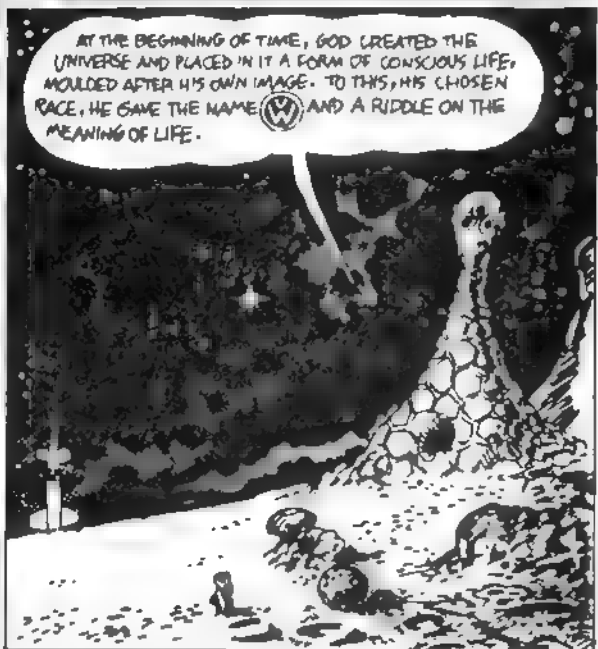
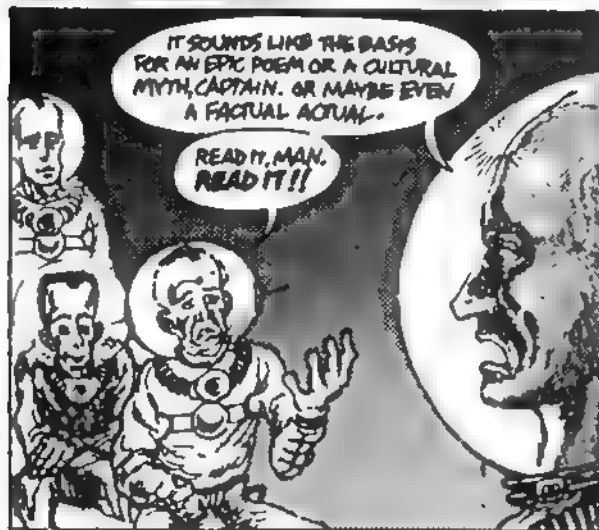
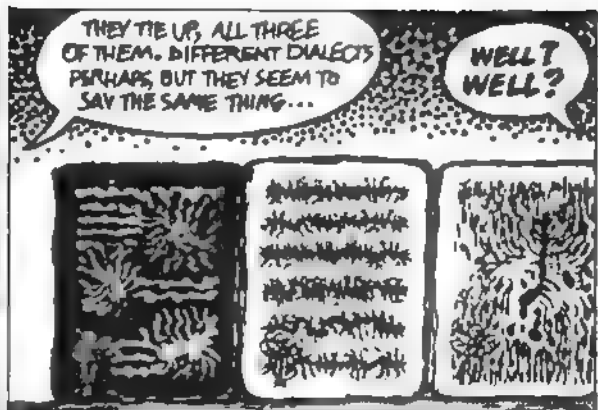
I DON'T KNOW—
LARGE, SPHERICAL OBJECTS,
CLAY PERHAPS, MARKED
WITH A STRANGE SYMBOL
AND ANOTHER STONE
SLAB!



HMM... NO SEAMS,
JUST AN IMPRINTED SEAL
THAT... THAT... LOOKS LIKE A—
NO, IT CAN'T BE...

I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE THINKING...
WAIT A MINUTE! THERE
IS A SEAM— AROUND
THE SYMBOL! A
PLUGGED HOLE!







FANTASTIC!
I TOLD YOU OUR EARTH
BUGS ARE RELATED TO
THESE GUYS! THEY'RE THE
REINCARNATED FAILURES
OF THIS VERY PLANET WERE
STANDING ON!

WHAT?
YOU'RE NUTS!



DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT IT
SAID? "ENDLESS REBIRTH AS A
WRETCHED LIFE FORM." WHY NOT
ON EARTH - AS BUGS! THAT'S
PRETTY WRETCHED, ANY IT?

HA!
HEAVEN ON
EARTH, EH?



RIGHT!
EXCEPT IN
THEIR CASE,
HELL...

WAIT! WHAT
ABOUT THE PART
WITH THE SKELETAL
FIGURE - THE PICTURE
OF THE HUMAN
BEING?

THAT PART IS
SORT OF A POST-
SCRIPT, SIR - TACKLED
ON THE END.



IT SAYS, "WE REGRET
OUR FAILURE ONLY IN THAT IT
LEAVES OUR BELOVED PLANET.
MOTHER AT THE MERCY OF THE IN-
CREASING PRETILIGENCE OF THE LOATH-
SOME..." AND THEN THERE'S THE
PICTOGRAPH OF THE HUMAN
FIGURE, SIR... CHOKE

OH GOD! THOSE
GNATS! LET'S TAKE
A CLOSE LOOK AT
THOSE FUGGIN'
GNATS!



IT'S... IT'S...



...NOT A GNAT,
SIR...

THE
END

ROUTINE

EARTH YEAR 2970! INTERGALACTIC VEHICLE WD-666, ON ITS TERMINAL INSPECTION TOUR, ENTERS AN ANCIENT AND OBSCURE SOLAR SYSTEM...

AS THE SHIP SPEEDS PAST A DYING STAR AND LOCKS IN ORBIT ABOUT A SMALL SATELLITE, THE TWO MAN TEAM FROM THE IMPERIAL WASTE AND DISPOSAL DIVISION GAZE INTENTLY AT A MAGNA-SCREEN

THERE SHE IS, ROLF! WOW! LOOKIT TH' GLARE FROM THE RADIATION PILES!

JEEZ! ACCORDING TO THE RAD COUNT, THE SURFACE IS HOTTER'N A TWO-SHEKEL ANNIHILATOR!

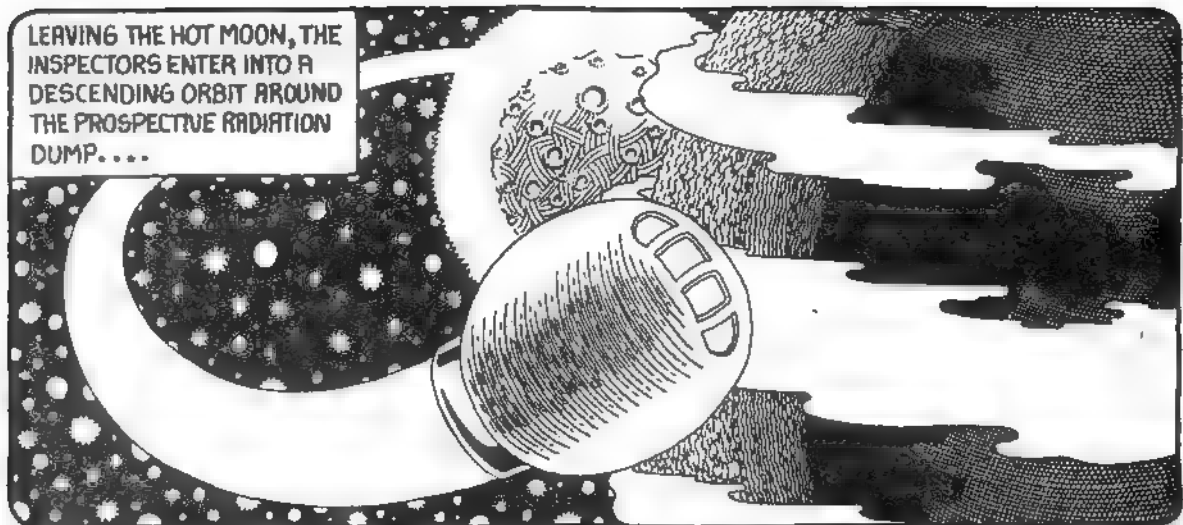
I GUESS THERE'S NO SENSE IN EVEN LANDING FOR A CHECKOUT.

ARE YOU KIDDING? ON MY SALARY, I'M SURE NOT GONNA TAKE A CHANCE ON INSTANT STERILIZATION! WE'LL JUST TAG THIS WHISTLE STOP 'UNFIT FOR FURTHER DUMPING'!

OH YEAH? SO NOW WE GOTTA FIND A SUBSTITUTE! ANY SUGGESTIONS, BRIGHT BOY?

NO SWEAT, SOURPUSS! THE OLD EXPLORATION RECORDS SHOW THAT THE NEAREST PLANET HAD ONLY MINIMAL LIFE, PLUS A HIGH ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION COUNT... AND THAT WAS OVER 500 YEARS AGO!

LEAVING THE HOT MOON, THE INSPECTORS ENTER INTO A DESCENDING ORBIT AROUND THE PROSPECTIVE RADIATION DUMP....



APPROACHING IONOSPHERE—
INSERTING DECELERATION
PROGRAM—DECELERATION
NOW IN EFFECT!



AS THEY PENETRATE THE STRATO-
SPHERE, ROLF ATTEMPTS TO CATCH
A GLIMPSE OF THE PLANET'S
SURFACE....

POLLUTION THICK AS PER
SOUP—AM PLACING
INFRARED INTENSIFIERS
ON BINOCULARS

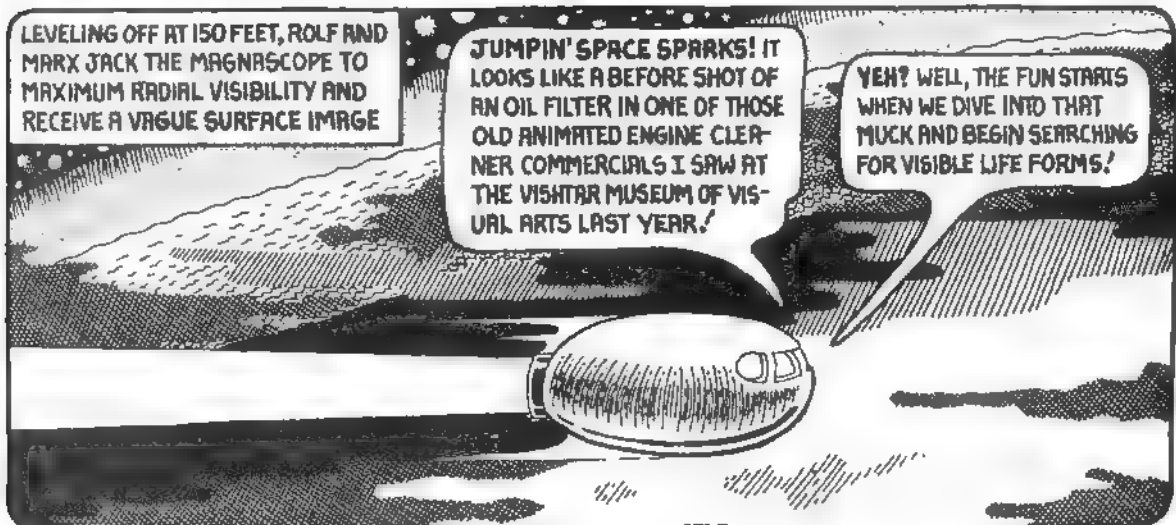


ALTITUDE 3,000
FEET!—SPOT
A SUITABLE
AREA FOR
TOUCHDOWN
YET?



VISIBILITY
ZERO! GONNA
HAVE TO BRING
THIS BABY IN
ON INSTRU-
MENTS ALONE!

LEVELING OFF AT 150 FEET, ROLF AND
MARX JACK THE MAGNASCOPE TO
MAXIMUM RADIAL VISIBILITY AND
RECEIVE A VAGUE SURFACE IMAGE



JUMPIN' SPACE SPARKS! IT
LOOKS LIKE A BEFORE SHOT OF
AN OIL FILTER IN ONE OF THOSE
OLD ANIMATED ENGINE CLEA-
NER COMMERCIALS I SAW AT
THE VISITAR MUSEUM OF VIS-
UAL ARTS LAST YEAR!

YEH? WELL, THE FUN STARTS
WHEN WE DIVE INTO THAT
MUCK AND BEGIN SEARCHING
FOR VISIBLE LIFE FORMS!

AW, C'MON ROLF!
LET'S JUST GIVE
THIS SLAGHERP
A "SUITABLE"
RATING AND
BEAT IT.'

NO CAN DO, MARK!
SUPPOSE SOME
FUTURE DUMP
SHIP IS DROP-
PING ITS LOAD...

AND SOME SAP
ON THE CREW
SPOTS A GEEK
FRODLICKING IN
THIS STINKPOT
—KNOW WHAT'D
HAPPEN?

YEH, WHEN WE
HIT HOME PORT
WE'D FIND RE-
SERVED SEATS
IN THE NA-
TIONAL DIS-
INTEGRATION
DOME WAITING
FOR US!

RIGHT YOU ARE!
SO LET'S HOP IN-
TO OUR EMER-
SION SUITS AND
GET THE JOB
OVER WITH!

I SHOULD
LISTENED TO
MY MAW AND
GOT A
COLLEGE
EDUCATION

UPON STABILIZING THE MOTHERSHIP, ROLF AND MARK
BOARD A TINY JOBCRAFT AND SLIDE INTO THE MURK

MUMBLE GRUMBLE
W W W W W...

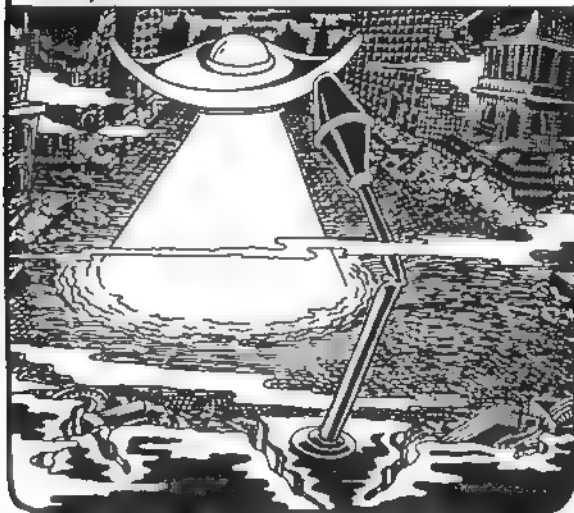
AW, CUT
YER BEEFIN!

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, THEY PLUNGE BENEATH
THE PLANET'S THICK, LIQUID SURFACE...

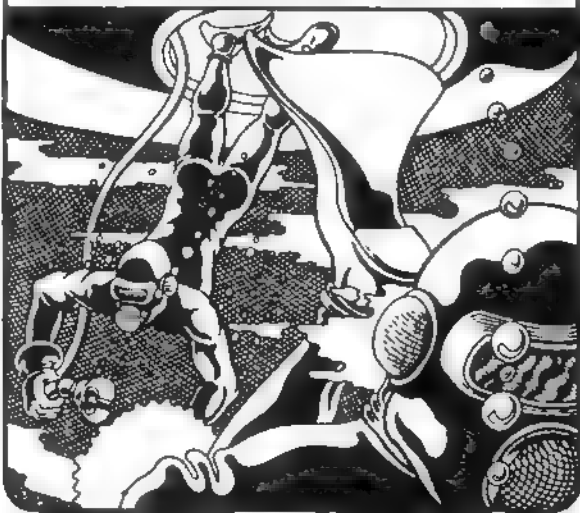
WELL, WHADDY YA KNOW!
ANOTHER CITY IN SHAM-
BLES!--SEE SO MANY
ON THIS JOB--IT'S
ENOUGH TO MAKE YA
PUKE!

YEH, AT ONE TIME
THE WHOLE UNIVERSE
MUST HAVE BEEN
CRAWLING WITH JERKS
BENT ON SELF-DESTRUC-
TION... C'MON, LET'S
DROP DOWN BETWEEN
THOSE BUILDINGS AND
SEE IF ANYTHING'S
STILL BREATHING...

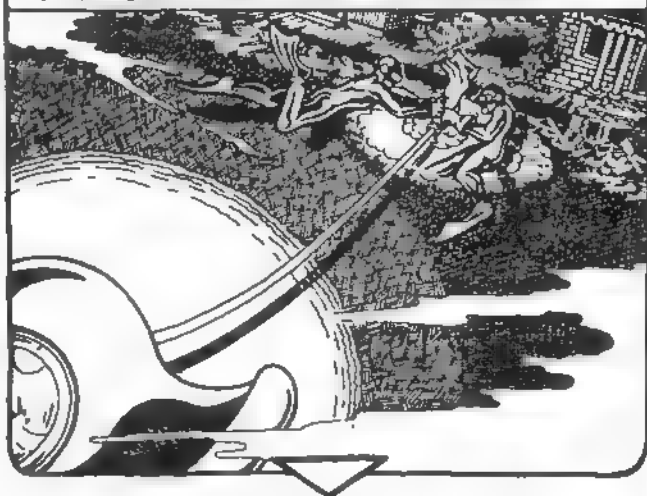
FOR SEVERAL HOURS THE CRAFT GLIDES AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE DARK CANYONS OF THE CITY, THEN JERKS TO AN ABRUPT HALT—



ROLF AND MARX LEAVE THE COMFORT OF THEIR CONTROL ROOM AND BEGIN WRIGGLING THROUGH THE SOMBER PUDDING



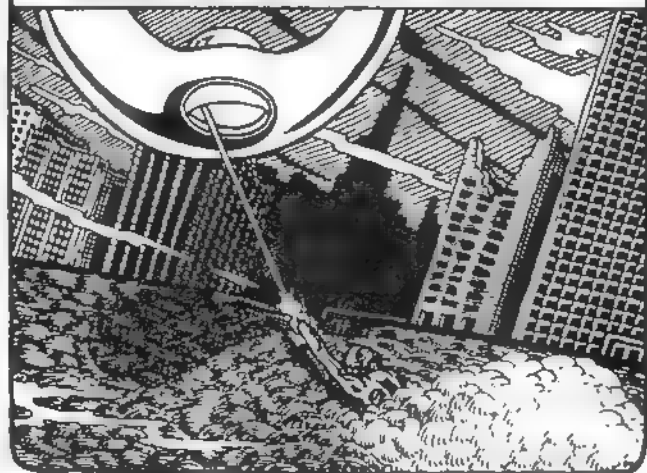
A LINE IS SECURED TO AN APPENDAGE PROTRUDING FROM THE BOTTOM SLUDGE



MOMENTS LATER THE JOBCRAFT BREAKS FREE OF THE GLUEY SHROUD AND ROCKETS TO THE MOTHER SHIP



A WINCH GRINDS INTO LIFE AND AN INERT FIGURE IS WOUND INTO THE VEHICLE'S HATCH



ONCE ABOARD, THE INSPECTORS ENTER THE DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER WITH THEIR PRIZE, THEN BEGIN REMOVING THE ENCRUSTED GRIME FROM THE CORPSE....



LOOKS LIKE SHE'S CLEAN ENOUGH FOR CLOSER INSPECTION!

O.K. ROLF!—JUST ONE SHOT IN THIS EMPTY SOCKET—AH.... THERE WE GO.



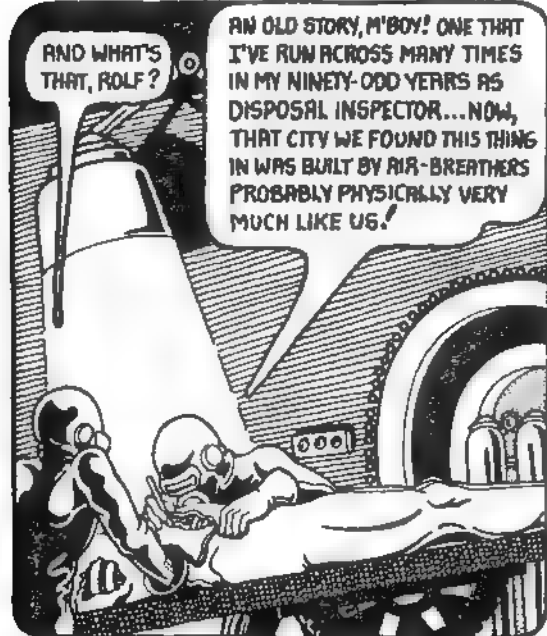
DURN GOVERNMENT ISSUE GLOVES— NEVER FIT RIGHT!

HMM... YEP, JUST AS I SUSPECTED! I DO BELIEVE, - MARX, THAT I CAN GIVE A COMPLETE RUNDOWN ON THE EXTINCTION OF THIS CREATURE!



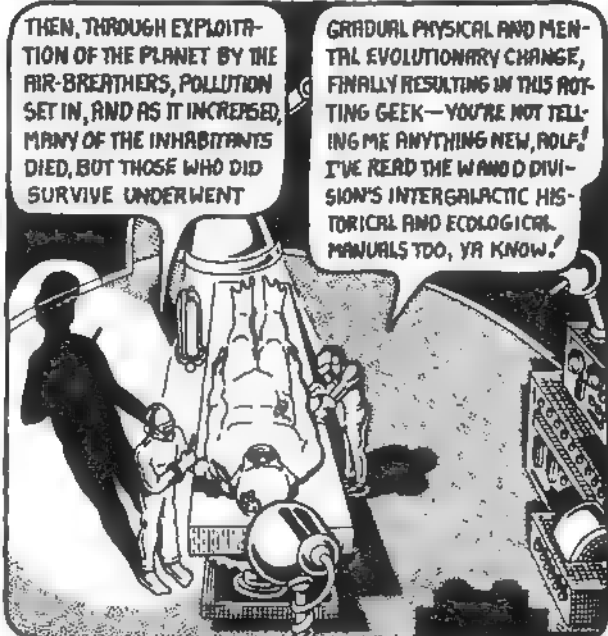
AND WHAT'S THAT, ROLF?

AN OLD STORY, M'BOY! ONE THAT I'VE RUN ACROSS MANY TIMES IN MY NINETY-ODD YEARS AS DISPOSAL INSPECTOR...NOW, THAT CITY WE FOUND THIS THING IN WAS BUILT BY AIR-BREATHERS PROBABLY PHYSICALLY VERY MUCH LIKE US!



THEN, THROUGH EXPLOITATION OF THE PLANET BY THE AIR-BREATHERS, POLLUTION SET IN, AND AS IT INCREASED, MANY OF THE INHABITANTS DIED, BUT THOSE WHO DID SURVIVE UNDERWENT

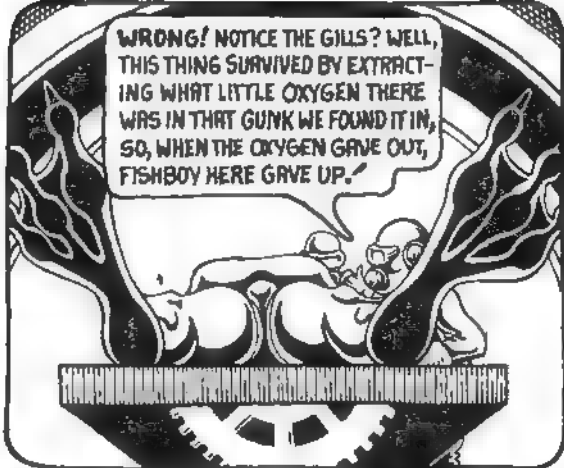
GRADUAL PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EVOLUTIONARY CHANGE, FINALLY RESULTING IN THIS ROTTING GEEK—YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME ANYTHING NEW, ROLF! I'VE READ THE WAND D DIVISION'S INTERGALACTIC HISTORICAL AND ECOLOGICAL MANUALS TOO, YA KNOW!



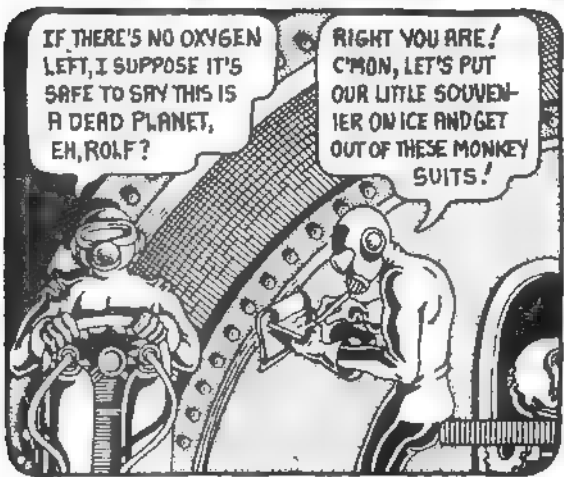


O.K. HOTSHOT! TELL ME WHY THIS HULK STOPPED BREATHING!

ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! SO I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING! MEBBE TH' CREEP JUST DROPPED DEAD OF OLD AGE!



WRONG! NOTICE THE GILLS? WELL, THIS THING SURVIVED BY EXTRACTING WHAT LITTLE OXYGEN THERE WAS IN THAT GUNK WE FOUND IT IN, SO, WHEN THE OXYGEN GAVE OUT, FISHBOY HERE GAVE UP.



IF THERE'S NO OXYGEN LEFT, I SUPPOSE IT'S SAFE TO SAY THIS IS A DEAD PLANET, EH, ROLF?

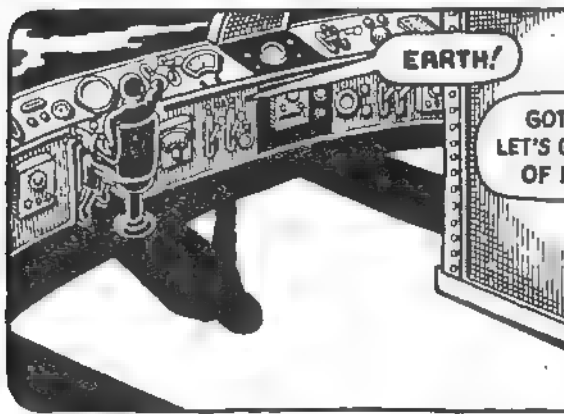
RIGHT YOU ARE! C'MON, LET'S PUT OUR LITTLE SOUVENIR ON ICE AND GET OUT OF THESE MONKEY SUITS!

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM—



I'LL REV UP THE OLD CRATE WHILE YOU TAKE CARE OF THE CHARTS, MARX!

LEMME SEE NOW... CHART 127 AND—AND—HEY, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS JERKWATER PLANET?



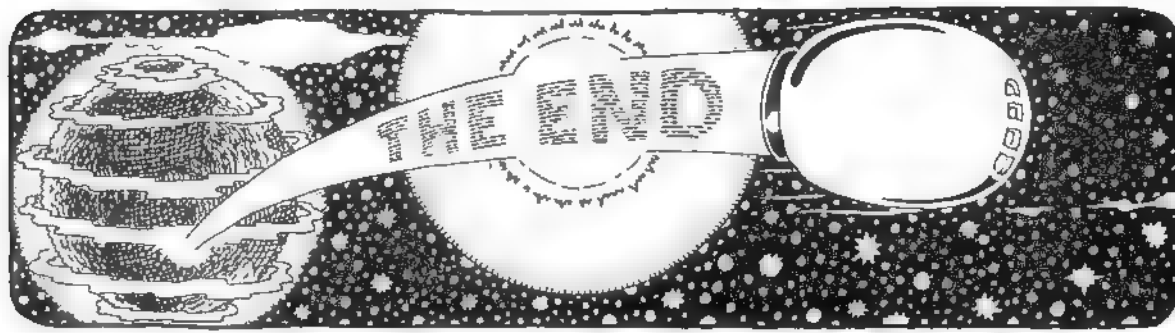
EARTH!

GOTCHA! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

DUMP CHART DROP PARTITION

SELECT CHART

EARTH



THE END

HOW HOW HOW HAVE A FUN WORLD

HEY HOWARD, THE HOLIDAY
STARTS IN A FEW MINUTES.
LET'S HEAD FOR THE
COCK OLYMPICS IN KANSAS.

NO NICK. NANCY AND I
ARE SPLITTING FOR THE
SUNNY BEACHES OF AUST-
RALIA FOR SOME FRESH
AIR AND FREEDOM.



FRESH AIR AND FREEDOM? YOU CAN
GET PLENTY OF THAT ANYWHERE.
THE SUN SHINES EVERYWHERE ON
GOD'S GREEN EARTH!!!



OF COURSE I KNOW THAT?... NANCY
JUST WANTS TO GET AWAY. NOTHING
COULD BE BETTER THAN HERE WHERE
BEAUTY AND PEACE REIGNS... WE
MERELY WANT TO EXPERIENCE
SOMETHING DIFFERENT.





WE'RE MAKING GOOD SPEED!
WE'LL BE THERE IN TIME
FOR AFTERNOON SNACKS
AND BRAIN PILLS!



PILLS! HOWARD
LET'S FORGET
ABOUT THE PILLS
AND THE OTHER
ARTIFICIAL PARTS
OF OUR EXISTENCE.

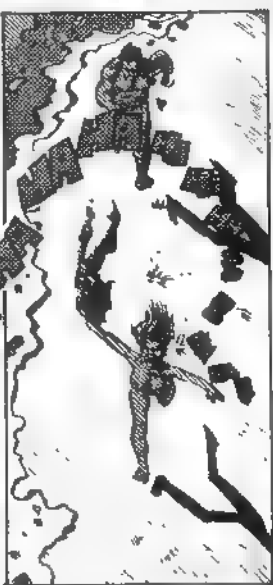


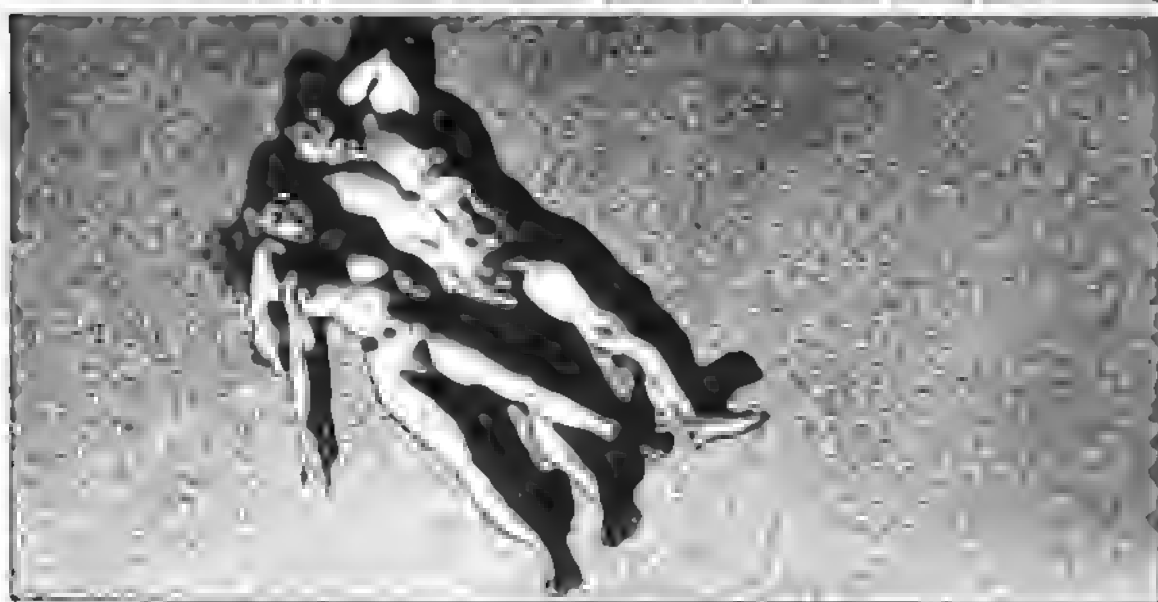
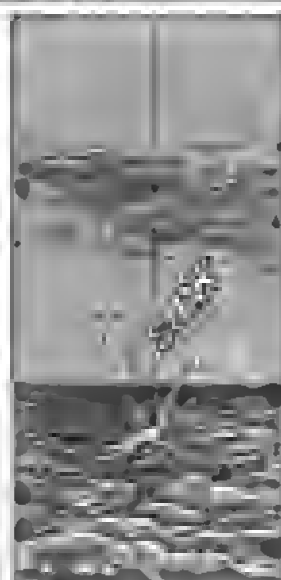
I'LL SET HER DOWN
HERE!



OOON HOWIE, IT'S SO
GROOVY!!









A DIM LIGHT!
IS IT DAWN?

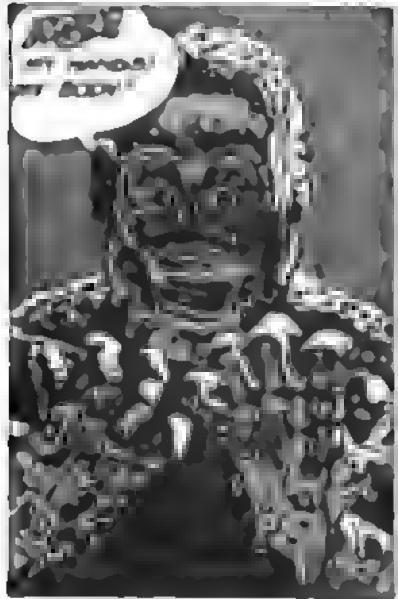


COULD BE LIGHT
BY NOW. WOULD THAT
MUCH ON THE GROUND?



IT'S EVERYWHERE!

WHERE IN
HELL IS
THE LIGHT
COMING FROM?



WHAT
MY EYES!
MY BODY!



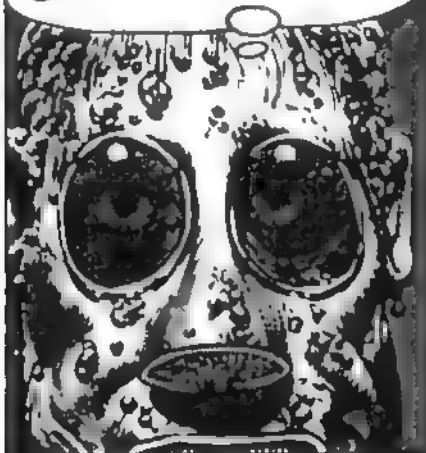
AAAAEEH!
HOWARD!!

NANCY



HOWARD! HOWARD!
I CAN'T MOVE! I
FEEL LIKE I'M ENCLOSED
IN SOME KIND OF SHIELD

A SHELL!... WE'RE IN SHELLS... PLASTIC SHELLS THAT WE WERENT AWARE OF!!...



THE PILLS! WHERE ARE THEY? "TAKE YOUR PILLS OR YOU'LL GO MAD!"



I CAN'T MOVE!... OH GOD!

HOWARD!



OH HOWARD, HELP ME!

I MUST GET FREE OF THIS SHELL!



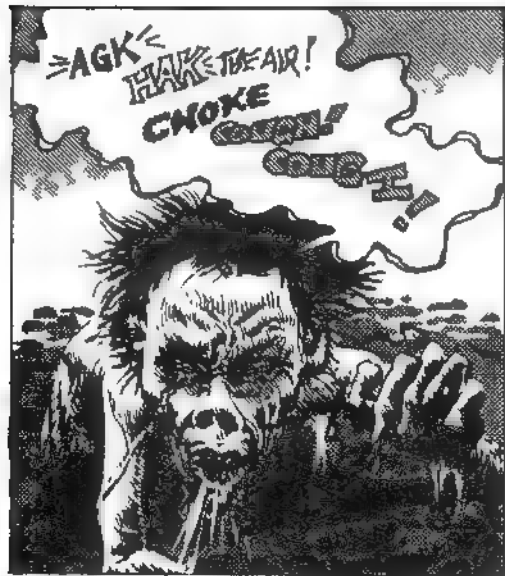
...AH! I'VE FOUND THE OPENING. THE CASING DRAINS MY STRENGTH. ... I'LL MAKE IT!

HOWARD, I DONT FEEL GOOD! TAKE ME HOME!

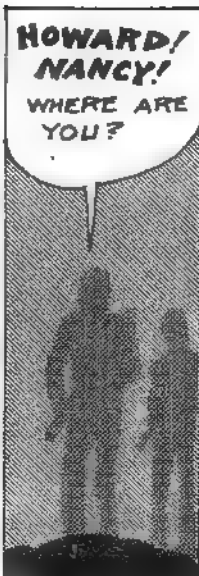


HANCY... I MADE (CHOKE!) IT! =NAK-KOFF=





AGK!
THAT'S THE AIR!
CHOKE
GOD!
COUGH!

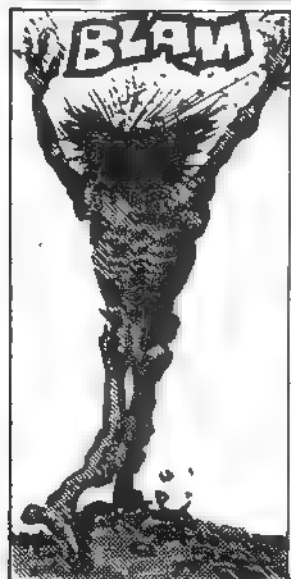


HOWARD!
NANCY!
WHERE ARE
YOU?



NICK!
COUGH
BUSH

GOOD LORD!



BLAM



BLAM



SLUGS



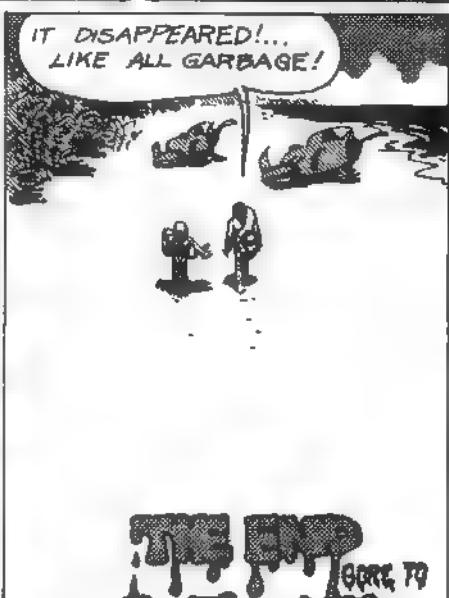
HERE THEY ARE!
GOD! HOWARD'S
BEEN DISEMBOWELED!



THE CREATURE MUST
HAVE DONE IT. HOW'S
THE GIRL?



SHE'LL PULL THROUGH...
WHERE'S THE
CREATURE?



IT DISAPPEARED!...
LIKE ALL GARBAGE!

THE END
GORE TO

Loop Letter Page

DEAR MR. GRIMSHAW,
CONCERNING YOUR CARTOON
IN THE FIRST EDITION OF "SLOW DEATH ON
EGO-TRIP IN BABYLON" YOU PICTURE SCOTT CARPENTER
AS A BABYLONIAN PATRIOT. I FEEL THIS IS UN-FAIR,
BECAUSE YOUR INFORMATION ABOUT HIS PERSONALITY IS QUITE
WRONG, TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE. I KNOW HIM
AS A FATHER AND AS A VERY LIBERAL PERSON -- AND
NO ADMIRER OF NIXON AND HIS WAYS. HE IS AN ENGINEER
AND SOMEWHAT SCIENTIST -- I THINK HIS KNOWLEDGE
ON THE "X 720Z" IS NOT UNBASED. HE EXPLAINED IT TO ME
AND TALKED TO MANY SCIENTISTS ABOUT IT AND IT DOES
WORK. HE IS ALSO PRESIDENT OF SEA SCIENCES CORP.,
WHICH IS MAINLY CONCERNED WITH STOPPING AND
CLEANING UP POLLUTION AND SUSTAINING THE MASSES.
HE'S REALLY INTO THE KIDS AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING
SO I WAS OFFENDED WHEN YOU OBVIOUSLY PUT HIM
DOWN.

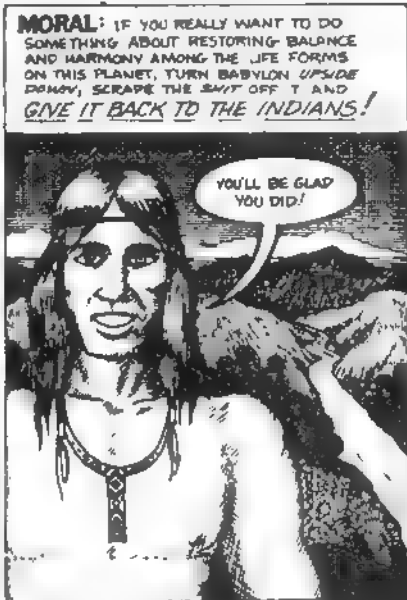
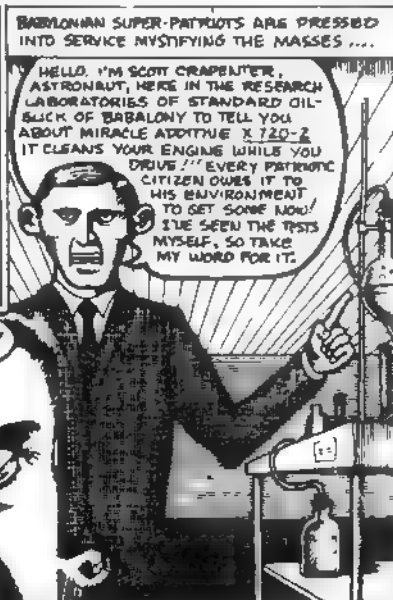
SINCERELY,
KRISTEN CARPENTER

P.S. HIS AND MY
LAST NAME IS SPOOLED
CARPENTER - NOT CRAPENTER

DEAR KRISTEN:
THANKS FOR YOUR LETTER. IT HAS
BEEN FORWARDED TO MR. GRIMSHAW - THE VISUAL YO YO
THING CHECKED OUT F-310. IT
IS A SHUCK ACCORDING TO THE
FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION.
IT IS RUMORED TO CREATE
PHOSAGENES (MUSTARD GAS).
IT APPEARS THAT IT DOES NOT
INCREASE NITROUS OXIDE (EA-
RTHWIMES *S) OR DECREASE
IT (ECOLOGY INFORMATION GR-
OUP). IT IS ONLY A DETERGENT
THAT WOULD HAVE NO APPlica-
TION IF THE CARBURATOR WAS KEPT IN ADJUSTMENT.
IF STANDARD OIL HAD SPENT THOSE MILLIONS ON TEA-
CHING THE PUBLIC HOW TO TUNE THEIR CARBURATORS
INSTEAD OF DUPING PEOPLE LIKE YOUR FATHER
THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE. WE TEST
SEA SCIENCE CORP. & YOUR FATHER & YOU
WILL CONTINUE TO STRIVE FOR THE SAME GOALS
AS SLOW DEATH.
ED. *Ronald E. Jensen*

WEDDING
CELEBRATION
-- DE MURDER
GREEN S.M. IS IN
THE GARDEN SHE
IS FULL OF LONELY
DISTINCTS
THE RAUBISHES
WESMALL LEAVES
WITPLE THRU HER
HAND. I SPEAK
OF GREEN AND
MY ROBBER OF
AN INTELLIGENCE
Stephen Yacoub
4/70

FROM THE EDITOR: R. TUTCH...



THE ABOVE ARE CUTS FROM SLOW DEATH 1 THAT CAUGHT THE EYE OF READER CARPENTER -

GARY GRIMSHAW

Mind Candy for the Masses

LAST GASP ECO FUNNIES

Psychological/Political



— Legion of Charlies by Irons & Vietch, 75¢.

— Choices (Inner City Romances) by Guy Colwell: heroin, acid, sex, revolutionary black consciousness and chauvinism in a comic format, 100¢. ALSO INNERCITY 2, 3, 4

— Dopin' Dan by Ted Richards: the modern army where "fragin's jus' another word for nothing left to do." #1, #2, #3 \$each

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— Young Lust #3 by Bill Griffith: this full color book answers the question, "What is pornography?" \$1.25

Games

— Dealer McDope Dealing Game: game board, money and stash cards for hours of fun trying to be the first dealer to score \$1 million. \$12.95 (postpaid).



Check the comic you want, tear out page and send to:

Last Gasp,

2180 BRYANT St.,

Box C.C.,

San Francisco, Ca. 94110

(NO ORDERS SENT WITHOUT AGE STATEMENT.)

Fantasy



— Fantagor #1 by Richard V. Corben: "the best art and story line that underground brain factory has produced." 100¢

— WIMMIN'S COMIX 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 - 75¢ ea #7 - 100¢

— Fantagor #3, full color, 100¢

— Dr. Atomic by Larry Todd, 100¢ each 1, 2, 3 AND 4

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— Slow Death #5, 6, 7, 8, 9 - \$1.00

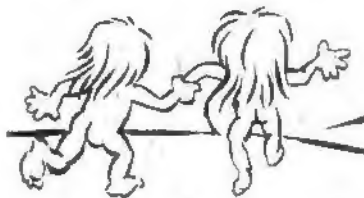
— Slow Death #2, 100¢

— Slow Death #3, 100¢

— Slow Death #4, 100¢

— Brain Fantasy #1 by Shubb, Robert Inwood and George Metzger 75¢.

Books



— The Breathe's Guide to Invisible Air Pollution edited by Larry Luce: 64 page fact file covering emission sources of air pollutants, \$1.00.

— Kids' Liberation Coloring Book by Welz, Mendež, Deitch, Griffith, Trina, Green, Chambers, Wood, Inwood and Cruikshank: stories, fairy tales, cartoons, flipbook, paper dolls and switcheroo cartoons for the kiddies. perfect bound, 52 pages, \$1.75

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(Remember to include 6½% sales tax in California. All orders prepaid or COD. 15¢ per comic, 25¢ per book for postage and handling.)

☐ Enclosed is 20¢, please send catalogue. **or 400 TILES**

☐ Enclosed is \$10.00, please send your 12 best comics.

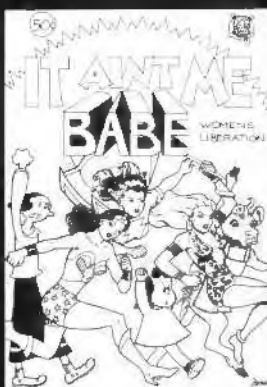
TOTAL _____

Sign this statement: I am 21 years of age or older. _____

Date: _____

DEDICATED TO WILHELM REICH-
OR MARXIAN ANALYST AND DISCOVERER
OF THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF CONSUMERS
THE JAGGED LINE OF MASS PSYCHOLOGY, BIG BROT
C. BERNARD EKOLOGY ACTION, A VANGUARD GROUP
THE SLOW DEATH IS FREE EVERYWHERE THESE DAYS
CIRCLE THE CORRECT ANSWER

- (1) HOW MANY LIEUTENANTS DESERTED TO SWEDEN FROM THE PORTUGUESE ARMY AFTER BEING TRAINED IN WEST GERMANY BY U.S. ARMY guerrilla WARFARE EXPERTS FOR ACTION IN THE PORTUGUESE COLONIES OF GUINIA & MOZAMBIQUE? a. 100 b. 0 c. 50 d. 6.
- (2) ALL OF THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTE IN SOME WAY TO SOUTH AFRICAN APARTHEID POLICIES. WHICH ONE HELPS IN THE PRODUCTION OF THE INFAMOUS PASSBOOK? a. BANK OF AMERIKA b. GULF OIL c. POLAROID d. USA.
- (3) HOW MANY PAGES WOULD YOU FIND IN THE PASSBOOK THAT IS MANDATORILY CARRIED BY ALL NON-WHITE SOUTH AFRICANS? a. 16 b. 32 c. 10 d. 94
- (4) ON SEPT. 30, 1970, IN THE AMERICAN CELESTIAL CITY OF LARES, PURTYO #180, HOW MANY Draft Cards & Induction NOTICES WERE BURNED? A. 30 B. 60 C. 500 D. 1400
- (5) IT HAS A PARACHUTE & FLOATS TO EARTH. IT IS PAINTED BRIGHT YELLOW, RED, BLUE OR GREEN. ADULTS KNOW IT IS DEADLY & DON'T TOUCH IT BUT CHILDREN ARE ATTRACTED TO IT AND IT IS DESIGNED FOR THEIR DESTRUCTION. IT IS AMERIKA'S NEWEST WEAPON IN ITS GENOCIDAL WAR ON VIETNAM. NAME IT: a. flutter bomb b. cluster bomb c. phosphorous bomb d. napalm bomb
- (6) HOW MANY flea collars ARE NEEDED TO KILL YOUR CAT? a. 10 b. 2 c. 1 d. 6
- (7) WHAT HAPPENS TO ONE MILLION ACRES OF GREEN AMERICAN BATH EACH YEAR? a. it regenerates b. supports life c. it is covered with concrete d. soil banked
- (8) IF ALL THE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD REALIZED THE AMERICAN DREAM & thus Consumed FUEL at the Rate we Do, HOW LONG would all the RESERVES Last (including the ALASKAN Fiasco)? a. 4 3/4 years b. 6 years c. 118 years d. 22 1/2 years
- (9) SLOW DEATH FUNNIES #1 made HOW MUCH MONEY? a. +\$5 b. -\$50 c. -\$100 d. +\$200 (The #1 CAPITALISTS who SOLD YOU THIS MADE +20. POWER TO THE PEOPLE!)
- (10) WHEN THE LEAD LEVEL OF .5 parts/million IS REACHED IN A HUMAN SYSTEM, Insanity & Death Ensue. Ideally no (.00) parts per million of Lead will be found. HOWEVER, What is the NATIONAL AVERAGE for AMERICANS? a. .00 p/m b. .09 p/m c. .17 p/m d. 5.3 p/m
- (11) THE MINTOWN MANHATTAN STORY indicated that at any one time A LARGE NUMBER OF PERSONS COULD BENEFIT GREATLY FROM PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT. WHAT PERCENTAGE OF THE POPULATION NEED HELP? a. 25% b. 37% c. 55% d. 70%
- (12) What Recent CHILD KILLER has been Found IN THE GHETTO? Hint: It is maintained by SLOW DEATH & PERSISTENCE is in DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE BLACKEST RACISM AND INCOMPETENCE OF CITY OFICIALS Charged With Maintaining PUBLIC HEALTH STANDARDS.
a. ZODIAC b. Richard NIXON
c. Lead paint, peeled from slum walls & eaten by hungry kids.
d. S. Agnew



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- (13) IF YOU SPRAYED A PESTICIDE (Black Flag) IN YOUR HOUSE & THEN WENT TO A RESTAURANT WHERE A SHRELL NEST Strip WAS HANGING & A DROP OF IT GOT IN YOUR FEED, YOU SHOULD EXPECT: a. a synergistic effect that could lead to CONVULSIONS & DEATH b. a mild rush like OWSELY PURPLE c. a sense of SERENITY not UNLIKE NIRVANNA d. rotten feed that was OVERPRICED.
- (14) The Latest figures for weekly earnings for workers is \$121.36 per week before taxes. After taxes (worker w/wife, 2 kids) he makes only \$16.49, which is 3.5% above 1969 wages. However, if the \$ is based on the 1957-59 index, the real value of his take home pay is: a. 16.11 b. 96.11 c. 86.11 d. 77.68 (The lowest wage earned since 1965!)
- (15) DURING A NATIONAL EMERGENCY what could be substituted for NERVE GAS? a. oxygen b. NITROGEN c. Shell's no Pest strip (DDVP) d. sea breezes.
- (16) CALIFORNIA IS PAVING OVER ITS FARM LAND AT A PHENOMENAL RATE. What % of Today's Agricultural Land will be "DEVELOPED" by 1990? a. 10% b. 20% c. 30% d. 50%
- (17) WHERE DOES OXYGEN COME FROM? a. pavement b. concrete c. airports d. LUSH VEGETATION
- (18) IF YOU BURN SARAN WRAP & INHALE THE VAPORS YOU WILL PRODUCE: a. deadly hydrochloric gas b. make a mess c. RADIATION YOUR LIFE d. All of these.

MORE YOU GET A HUNDRED OR IT COULD BE YOUR SLOW DEATH WHEN
4 81 Q21 Q91 2 51 Q 41 B 51 Q 21 Q 11
3 01 Q 1 28 3 2 29 B 5 Q 4 5 28 01

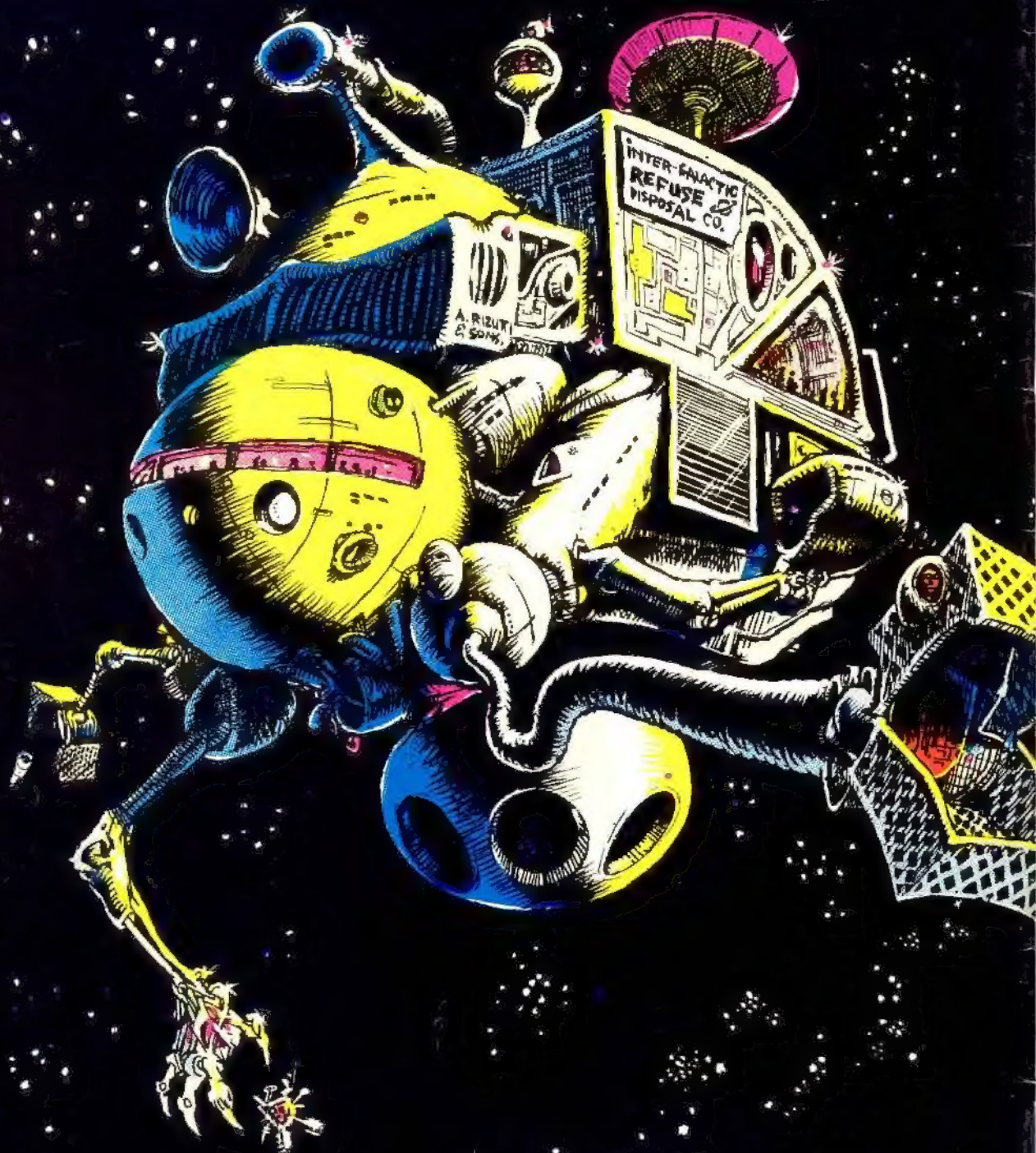


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